NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO 37.—VOL. XXII. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1810 NO. 1131

THE

UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

A TALE.

BY WINDHAM FOOT JAMES.

(*To be continued*).

Lo! weeping stands the virgin bride,
In Hymen's fetters newly tied.

Francis' Trans of Horace.

I shall pass over the solemnization of Elvina's nuptials in silence; suffice it to say, she was consummately wretched, nor could all the splendor with which she was surrounded, or the diligent ingenuity of her rouge, disguise her fair countenance, or brighten it with a smile; deeply-hued melancholy and profound grief had, apparently, taken their residence on her brow for ever. The public papers announced her marriage to the astonished and amazed Augustus: the intelligence inflicted the direst anguish on his mind, and nearly subverted his reason; but he somewhat recovered by serious reflection. When his grief had a little subsided, he wrote to her as follows:

"My still beloved, though
faithless Elvina,

"Ah! think what must be my sufferings—oh! too great for expression!—on reading in the papers your union with another!—Can it be possible? Alas! it is too certain. Was the choice your own, Elvina?—oh! divine heart rending name! name, that is stamped indelibly on my soul—yes, to all eternity. How often have I rapturously anticipated the happy hour that would make you irrevocably mine! But this chasm your perfidiousness has now dissolved. I shall never experience the bliss which is so beautifully delineated in the following lines of our great and immortal poet:

'Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty and nature law:
All then is full possessing and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part:
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.'

"Yes, Elvina! once I thought this would have been my happiness; but, ah! now fallacious have my pleasing expectations proved! Why, most beauteous of your sex! did you asseverate that I alone should be possessed of your inestimable hand? Why did you give and receive vows of eternal, inviolable, and everlasting attachment? Was it to triumph over my fondness, and ardent passion? It was, treacherous, inconstant woman! Yet still do I love thee, most fervently love you! beyond all thought! all conception! all utterance! Could the vain glitter of wealth, the sound of an empty title—were it those syrens that bereft me of you? I thought your ingenuous and celestial mind superior to such vain and mercenary allurements: But woman is woman—weakness is, I believe, entailed upon the sex. Oh, Elvina! I could fill this paper with anathemas and reproaches; but my heart bleed—Ah, misery! I wish you happy—yes, every happiness; but must ever regret, most poignantly regret, that you preferred another to myself.

Elvina, would to Heaven that I had never beheld you! or that your fair form had been consonant to the deceptions of your soul—then should I have been spared all this conflict, a conflict that will bring me to the dark mansions of the tomb. But I will not repine at a premature death—this aching heart will then be at rest, and all my sorrows will be no more! Oh, ever dear and much esteemed Elvina! let sometimes a tear of tenderness bedew your lovely cheek, on reflecting on the woes, alas beyond the weak efforts of my feeble pen to express, you have inflicted on a breast, which must ever as long as it shall palpitate—shall exist. Indulge me by answering of this epistle—endeavour to justify your unwarrantable conduct. If you do not write, I will go see myself by coming to the castle. Adieu! adieu! farewell beloved Elvina! Something whispers me that you are equally wretched—ah! are you so? I call to retrospection your every word—your every look—and think you incapable of such base duplicity. May you long be blest and happy, is the ardent prayer of the miserable, lost, despondent, wretched, and despairing

"AUGUSTUS."

All letters that came to the castle were given to the steward, who delivered them to their respective owners. He was desired by Sir Lancelot to observe those which were sent to Lady Jarrett, and, if ever any arrived from Romsey, to bring them to him. In consequence, the above was intercepted, and given to the baronet, who, after perusing, immediately suppressed it.

Two months passed in a miserable and melancholy uniformity. Each day adding woe to the breast of Elvina and Augustus. The despondING youth not hearing from her, resolved on once more seeing her; and, informing his amiable mother and sister that he was going to stay some time with an acquaintence quitted Willowdale. He soon arrived at a village near the castle, and took lodgings at an obscure inn. To prevent being recognised by any of his old friends in the neighbourhood, he accoutred himself in military habiliments. Frequently he strayed absorbed in pensive and solitary musing over the groves and vales of Aspose. In conversing with the villagers, he heard that Lady Jarrett was often seen walking in the park and by the sea-shore. One evening, as he was taking his usual excursion with an intention of entering the park, his steps and attention were arrested by beholding an extremely neat cottage, which, being nearly shaded by lofty trees, had before escaped his observation. He immediately walked towards the simple abode, and found it's inmate to be a decrepid old woman. By way of prelude, he inquired who resided at the castle? The aged matron answered his interrogation, and concluded by invoking Heaven to bless its beneficent and worthy mistress. "Ah!" said she, "her ladyship is an angel, and is not above coming to see us poor folk: it was but just now that she was here—Poor, dear lady! she seems always mighty sad; but Heaven, I hope, will not let her be afflicted with sorrow."

Augustus was infinitely affected at hearing the old woman, and, presenting her with a small gratuity, walked pensively forward. The grand and resplendent luminary of day had wheeled his fiery car to the west, and was sinking beneath the horizon. He stood gazing at the awful splendor, and coruscation of declining orb, till it totally disappeared; at a sight of which he mentally sighed—"It thus sunk my sun of happiness."

Ere he reached the park gates,

'Still evening came on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were sunk all but the wakeful nightengale.'

The youth wandered over the castle demesnes, his soul, as it were, immersed in a chaos of agonizing misery. After many eccentric ambulations, he arrived at a fine winding walk thickly planted with shrubs, and down which he slowly paced; but, ere he had reached its termination, through an aperture in the foliage he beheld the being whom he adored and whom he wished to see. She was reclined on a white seat; her fine eyes were fixed upon the silver horn of Cynthia, whose mild rays beamed on her pallid countenance. With tears fast descending over her fair cheek, she softly exclaimed: Ah! who so wretched as I am! not a friend to whom I can impart my sorrow; never again shall I see the gentle Marianne, nor her beloved relatives. I will often think of them and will review those past happy days, days that are never to return! Oh, Augustus! tho' I am another's, yet my heart will be ever thine.

She here paused, and sat listening in melancholy despondence to the dulcet and mellifluous strains of Philomel, when she again resumed, by addressing the vocal songstress:

'Sweet bird that kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutured to forego
The melancholy haunts of woe,
Thanks for thy sorrow soothing strain:
For surely thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous note thus sadden all the grove?'

Augustus stood gazing at her, his soul alternately illumined and lacerated by pleasure and pain; pleasure, at hearing he was still beloved; and pain, that she was irrevocably lost to him. After collecting, in some small degree, his wandering thoughts, he assumed courage sufficient to emerge into light, and fell at her feet, saying: forgive, oh! forgive me, dear, angelic Elvina! I came to,—" Here ceased

for her ladyship at beholding him, sunk inanimate in his arms. His tears and tender eloquence soon restored her. She gently reproved him for his temerity. An eclaircissement instantaneously succeeded. It requires a much more eloquent pen than mine to delineate their mutual conflict. "Ah!" said Elvina, with tears issuing down her lovely face. "Grieve me not thus Augustus—suffer me to depart—oh! were Sir Lancelot to find you here; you must indeed leave me."

"Ah! cruel injunction," replied the youth "but adored, beloved Elvina, ere we separate for ever, permit me one last embrace." So saying he folded her to his bosom—at which instant the baronet, who had been seeking his lady, advanced towards them, and, with an arrogant and vindictive air, said: "Turn, insolent and vindictive youth! think not that, after such audacity, you shall escape with impunity. I now demand satisfaction both for your present behaviour and futile letter." Each drew his sword and a desperate conflict commenced. Augustus had nearly disarmed the renowned veteran, when the shrieking Elvina, to prevent massacre, rushed between them. The sword of her husband pierced her breast, and she sunk to the ground, her azure veins pouring fast the streams of life. The frantic Augustus immediately dropped his weapon, and rushing to the lovely sufferer, raised her in his arms.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NAMES OF MERCHANT VESSELS

are sometimes strangely inconsistent with their employment, or their fate. I cannot repress a smile, when the ship news informs me, that the Baltick is bound to Brasil, the Artick for Africa, the Monsoon for the West Indies and the Levant for Gottenburg. It can hardly be wondered at, if the Jefferson eludes the Embargo, the Lady Madison violates the non intercourse, or the President trades under foreign licenses; when the very laws of nature are so changed Guatimoc in rides in Boston harbour, the Massachusetts is owned in New-York, and the Mississippi runs out of the Chesapeak.

The experience of our insurance offices will perhaps show, that the Eagle is a dull sailor, the Hercules too crank, the Ocean unseaworthy, the Neptune run down by the Triton, the Flying Fish struck on Flying Pan shoals, and the Speculator bilged upon Noman's land. If the Rising States may be plundered with impunity by a picaroon, the Julius Cæsar be some a coal carrier, and the Pompey be degraded to a whaleman, we may soon hear that the Peace and Plenty is on short allowance, the Quaker selling firearms in St. Domingo; or the Liberty engaged in the slave trade.

'PASSING THE RUBICON.'

From an original letter published in the Anthology, of an American traveller in Italy to his friend in this country:

'Not being permitted to pass (from Bologna) by the way of Florence, we took the course of the Adriatic, and passed Ancona. The first object worthy of our notice on this route, was the celebrated river Rubicon, from which, and from the anecdote connected with it, has grown up an adage—'he has passed the *Rubicon*.' This very little river now called the Pisatello, was the ancient boundary between Italy and Cisalpine Gaul—and the senate passed a decree—that any general or armed man, who should pass this river in arms, should be deemed an enemy to the republic, and (what they considered high punishment) that his house-hold goods should be removed.'—Cæsar, when he resolved to crush Pompey and the senatorial party, marched from Gaul, where he had been waging a glorious war, and when he had arrived on the banks of this river, he is related by some historians to have stopped and hesitated—Whether awed by the imperious prohibition of the senate, or restrained by a sense of the horrors of civil war, is uncertain. He however resolved—he passed the Rubicon—and Rome lost her liberties.

FANCY.

(FROM THE ASSOCIATE MINSTRELS)

When every passion sunk to rest,
Together Hope and Fear are sleeping,
And thought within the tranquil breast
Alone his drowsy watch is keeping;
On tiptoe, in that silent hour
(Sacred to solitary feeling)
Young Fancy quits her sacred bower,
Through the mind's inmost chambers stealing.

So light her tread that Reason never
Awakes to stop the fugitive:
So swift her flight, with vain endeavour
He to pursue her tract would strive,
Where pallid Fear would never venture,
Their heedless hies the airy sprite,
And where Hope cannot, dare not enter;
She, hovering, wheels her rapid flight.

The name that timid Love, so fearful,
Ne er suffers to escape his tongue,
She dwells upon in accents cheerful,
And makes the burden of her song.
And when the lyre of Hope, forsaken,
No longer charms the ear of Care,
Again she bids each string awaken,
And sings away the fiend Despair.

The clouds o'er distant prospects flying,
Take various forms at Fancy's will:
'They are but clouds,' Hope tells her sighing;
Fancy replies, 'they're pleasing still'
'Twas but the wind, that proudly riding,
Over the bowing foilage past;'
But Fancy answers, Reason chiding,
'There's music in the whistling blast.'

In vain, from yonder cliff depending,
Fear's shrinking eye the blossom meets—
But Fancy, steepest hills ascending
Can if not gather, taste its sweets—
And when the failed form of pleasure
Fond Memory can no more retain,
Fancy, thy lyre in plaintive measure,
Can win it from the shades again.

THE ORPHAN'S COMPLAINT.

Tell me not of Nature's tressures,
Ve dant fields, and azu e skies,
Lost to me are all those pleasures,
Which her happy children prize.
You fragrant bud, the garden's pride,
Expands to hail the general day,
Torn from its parent's fostering side,
It withers, droops and dies away.

Friendship may with charms inviting,
Lull my cares awhile to rest,
And, in Sympathy delighting,
Fill with bliss my youthful breast
Love may spread its tempting snares,
And my simple heart beguile,
But all these pleasures change to cares,
Unsanctioned by a parent's smile.

EPIGRAM.

'Twas a doubt, in debate, among sages of yore,
Whether women or wine had most absolute power;
Now, had I been the judge, when the matter was done,
Not one had been wiser than when it begun—
For how can man tell, which the strongest to call,
When, with the same ease, both can give him a *fall*?

EPITAPH.

Here lies a Bachelor, whose life
Was stain'd with vice, and sour'd with strife,
Happy had o'er his *Sire* been read,
Friends, *here a bachelor lies dead.*'

VARIETY.

WHO'LL TURN GRINDSTONE?

When I was a little boy, I remembered one cold winter's day, I was accosted by a smiling man, with an axe on his shoulder. 'My pretty boy,' said he 'has your father a Grindstone?' 'Yes Sir,' said I. 'You are a fine little fellow,' said he, 'will you let me grind my axe on it?' pleased with his compliment of 'fine little fellow,' 'Oh yes sir,' I answered, 'it is down in the shop.' 'And will you, my man,' said he, patting me on the head, 'get a little hot water?' How could I refuse. I ran and soon brought a kettle full. 'How old are you, and what's your name, continued he, without waiting for a reply. 'I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen, will you just turn a few minutes?' Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged, till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rung and I could not get away, my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length however the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me, with 'Now you little rascal, you've played the truant,—scud to school or you'll buy it' Alas, thought I, it was hard enough to turn grindstone this cold day, but now to be called 'little rascal' was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a Merchant over polite to his customers begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing half his goods on the counter—thinks I that man has an axe to grind.

When I see a man of doubtful character, patting a girl on the cheek, praising her sparkling eye and ruby lip, and giving her a sly squeeze—Beware, my girl thought I, or you will find to your sorrow, that you have been turning grindstone for a villian.

The prince de Ligne finely remarks that to paint Death, as we generally do, is a great injustice—

We should represent death in the shape of a venerable, mild, and serene matron, with traces of beauty in her countenance, and her arms gracefully expanded to receive us. This is the emblem of an eternal repose after a melancholy life harrassed by anxieties and storms.

A method of suppressing a Mob without bloodshed.

In the year 1792, the women of Toulon declared themselves in a state of insurrection, and assembling in great crowds threatened to hang the magistrates, if they did not lower the price of sugar. The procurator syndic, at first laughed at their threats; but the multitude refusing to disperse, he assembled the council general of the commune and ordered the fire engines, with a plentiful supply of water mixed with soot to be drawn out in battle array—by a vigorous discharge of this smutty artillery, the insurgents in petticoats were completely routed, and quietly retired to their homes.

The frequent fate of genius!

We find, by the London papers, that the celebrated Dibden, whose songs have so greatly assisted the English tars in singing themselves into invincibility—and which have given such exquisite delight to all who have heard even a solitary effusion of this child of sentiment, wit and humour, is so reduced in his circumstances that a subscription had been opened to raise means for his support. It will gratify every soul which has music in it to be informed, that the subscription was liberally filled.

The employment of fashionable and cant phrases gives a grace to conversation, such as that sort of thing, that's your sort, there she goes, keep moving, what's to pay, I owe you one, push on, that's the Gandy, and this is the barber, &c.

Remark—If folly were pain, we should hear a great outcry in every house

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LINES,

*Written on the death of Miss R**** H****.*

She's gone, the loveliest of her sex is fled.
Shut out from sight and numbered with the dead—
No more her cheering eyes salute our view,
But closed by death their brilliant lustre flew.

Such virtue as her transient life displayed,
Shall long on Memory's page be deep pourtrayed,
No blooming rose while on its native tree,
Could boast more pure exalted charms than she.

Not sports attendant on her early youth,
Could swerve her actions from the paths of truth,
Her love for virtue smoothed her rugged road,
And urged her heaven ward to her father God.

Her mind all goodness and her nature love,
Joined with the meekness of the lamb and dove,
Her gentle s ul inhaled ambrosial breath,
And smiled triumphant at the approach of death.

The mildest innocence of opening morn,
Each feature graced and sparkled from her eyes,
The bloom of health which did her cheek adorn,
Would emulate the gardens roseate dyes.

The virgin cresent of the new born Moon,
Shewed not more fair complexion to the night
Than thine R**** shrouded ah too soon,
Thy beauty's quickly vanished from the sight.

Surround her tomb, the gay, the juvenile train,
Let grief symphonious swell the funeral song,
Your voices lend to aid the plaintive strain,
And sing her close who once adorned your throng.

So stand the snow white lilly from the bed,
'Midst ambient flowers the glory of the walk,
Till broke by storms it hangs its beauteous head,
And pendent withers on its native stalk.

So shone R**** gracefull beauteous form,
'Midst youth gay train its elegance and pride;
Till as the lily broke by driving storms,
She hung her languid head and bowed and died.

The virtuous mourn their dear companion dead—
While in the tomb the mouldering clay is laid,
But its bright soul has winged its joyous flight,
To the fair realms of ever brilliant light.

Three tender sisters weep but why complain,
Why mourn her loss since death to her is gain,
Cease then sweet mourners upwards lift your eyes,
Thy sisters soared to yonder blissfull skies.

When gently leaning on her saviour's breast,
Clad in his righteousness she's now at rest,
Adieu blest shade may we in heaven soon meet,
Where joys exstatic make the bliss complete.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1810

Fire.—On Thursday evening between 9 and 10 o'clock, a more destructive fire occurred at Brooklyn, opposite this city than was ever before witnessed in that village. It originated in a pottery, occupied by Mr Secor, and consumed that building, together with the extensive store belonging to Joshua Sands, Esq. a Bakery occupied by Mr. Robert Nicholls, and three or four small buildings, occupied as offices or stores.

Mr. Sands's store contained about one thousand bales of cotton, and a quantity of hides very little of which has been saved. The cotton and hides belonged to a number of merchants in this city.

With the bakery was destroyed a small quantity of flour and about 100 cords of wood.

A schooner lying at the wharf, loaded with shingles, was several times on fire, but by the assistance of the floating engine from this city, was preserved, after losing about 100 dollars value of her deck load. *Com. Adv.*

Duel.—On Tuesday the 16th inst. a duel was fought at Sandy Hook, near the Light House between two Midshipmen of the names of Rogers and Morgan, belonging to the Frigate Constitution. Both shots took effect at the first fire. Rogers was killed, the ball passing into his right side, through his body and into his left arm. Morgan received only a flesh wound, the ball passing across his breast.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

Extract of a letter from Charleston, dated Oct. 8.

"Last night at 12 o'clock, a fire broke out in Church street, continued below the old Church, the wind N. W. and is this morning just got under. It has been dreadful, from 4 to 500 houses has been burnt down, say for several squares, all burnt with few exceptions. It is burnt from Amen street, below the old Church, and could not be got under, till it reached Broad street, and has burnt from near the State Bank, down to the bay, all of the houses, Mr. Brenau's included, as well as the corner where Dr. Chanler used to live, it was fortunately stopped at Broad Street, none of the houses burnt on the south side of Broad street—the flakes of fire flew, the wind being high, and burnt Mr. Baker's on the Bay, next to Mr. Cormick's—the others being brick escaped—Mr. Potter's store being fire proof run no risk. If the fire had passed Broad street, it would have burnt nearly all the city. Eight or ten houses along Broad street, was blown up with powder to prevent its extending across. The streets, &c. are in a dreadful situation. I fear many persons have been burnt and killed." N. Y. Gaz.

An Irish Haul.—The Drogheda Journal informs us of the following most singular sport. While a few fishermen were drawing in their net, they pulled in at one haul, forty-eight salmon, a militia man, a large gun, a dead calf, a cask of ball, and a barrel of gun powder.

A vessel arrived in our harbour last Sunday from Quebec, under peculiar circumstances, which we understand to be the following.—While on the passage the crew mutined, and determined on murdering the captain.—On his being apprised of this horrid design, he begged for a short respite to prepare himself for eternity, to which they with difficulty assented. He was accordingly permitted to retire into his cabin, and, in the interval allowed him, he contrived to secure himself under what is called the scuttle. After the limited time had expired, the inhuman wretches repaired to the cabin to accomplish their diabolical purpose, but finding the cabin windows open, and not discovering their intended victim, they concluded that he had thrown himself into the sea. On the arrival of the vessel here, a revenue officer went on board, and was told by the mate, the ringleader of the mutiny, that the captain in a fit of insanity, threw himself overboard, and was lost; and while he was telling the story, the captain to his infinite consternation, made his appearance.—It is scarcely necessary to add that the villains have been taken into custody.

Cork Paper—Aug.

COURT OF HYMEN.

To feel a love which still the same,
Can every change of scene sustain;
Which still with equal fervor glows,
When malice arms a host of foes.
As when in pleasures lap secure.
The soul indulged in raptures pure,
Is Hymens province here below,
And this the love her votaries know.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, by the Rev Gardner Spring, Mr Michael Megrath, of Charleston, S. C. of the house of Jones and Megrath, to Miss Emily Jones, daughter of Perez Jones, merchant, of this city.

On Wednesday by the Rev, Mr Woodhouse, Mr. Joseph Dean, son of John dean Esq. Sheriff of Kings county, to Ruth Newbury, of Gowanes, Long Island.

At Tappan, on Saturday last the 13 h inst. by the Rev. Mr Lansing, Mr. Thomas Bianch, to Miss Elibeth Mabie.

At the same time and place Mr. Robert Sneden, to Miss Jane Crane.

MORTALITY.

'Unhappy man, of transient breath,
Just born to view the day,
Drop in the grave and after death
To filth and dust decay.

DIED,

On Saturday evening last, at the seat of Mr. John Murray jun. Mr Benjamin Perkins, of the firm of Collins and Perkins, Book sellers

LINES

On seeing some swallows preparing for Migration.

Farewell, sweet visitants, once more adieu!
May gales propitious waft you to that shore
Where blooming Spring again shall smile for you,
And gladden nature with her countless store!

To you, sweet birds, how blessed a lot is given!
When wint'ry clouds and chillings blasts are nigh,
Taught by the mercy of indulgent heaven
You shun the storm, and seek a milder sky.

But where shall man, when happiness is fled,
When the gay summer of his joys are past,
When hope is wither'd in misfortune's blast,
And black Despair hangs hov'ring o'er his head,
Where shall he fly to heal the deadly sting,
Or where his tortur'd mind find out another Spring?

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An Apprentice to the Printing Business.
Apply at this Office

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☞ Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen Rags at this office

WANTED
An Apprentice to the Chair-making Business, apply at No. 8 Peck-Slip

COURT OF APOLLO.

From the Maryland Republican.

Verses, written by a young Lady who was seduced, and deserted by her Lover

Where now is that sun of repose.
Which once used to shine on my breast,
With the morn that so genia ly rose.
And at night set so kindly at rest ?

Withdrew now, alas—from my sight.
On the morning no longer it beams!
And instead of contentment at night,
New horror embitters my dreams.

Oh Belmour! why e'er did I hear,
What I knew must be death to believe,
Or drink up a strain in my ear,
When I knew it was meant to deceive.

In vain the dark grove do I try,
Some respite from sorrow to find,
For, ah! from the world I may fly,
But cannot escape from my mind.

In the thickest recess of the shade,
My conscience cries, ah! guilty fair;
What a wretch a fond father you've maid,
What a mother you've plunged in despair!

The zephyr's soft innocent gale
Now seems at my conduct to roar,
And the stream, as it winds through the vale,
Cries, Flavia is spotless no more.

At church in the moment of prayer,
Remorse holds her terrible rod,
And harrows my soul with despair,
Though I kneel at the throne of my God.

'Tis just, but I cannot complain
For Belmour still dwells in my eye;
And this bosom so basely betrayed,
Still heaves with too tender a sigh.

In spite of religion's pure breath,
The softest ideas will rise;
And I doat on destruction and death.
While I labour to hate and despise,

Come, grave, then thou best of reliefs,
Regardless of season or time,
At once put an end to my griefs,
And throw a dark veil o'er my crime.

Yet cease not, ye tears still to flow
From the fount of contrition and love
For excess of sorrow below,
A pardon may purchase above,

THE PARTING.

Oh God! it is no very easy task
To shake the hand—articulate 'adieu!'
When the soul's meaning spurns the specious mask.
And gives the last, last look, to speechless feelings true!

For Friendship never could its sense *express*,
Nor warmer Love its pangs of parting *tell*;
But oft the hand, extended to caress,
The lip of swerveless faith, where loiters long
'Farewell,'

Like coward flies—nor takes the grappling grasp
Of that close clinging, following fool—the Heart;
Nor yet Affection's wild and bosom clasp,
With kiss of honied glue that knows not how to part.

Yes! I have fled full oft and smothered with a smile
A heart with anguish rent—weeping life blood the while!

THE RETURN.

The same keen sense that barbs the pang *to part*,
Points the wild rapture when *return* draws nigh—
When bosoms beat to bliss, warm heart to heart,
Hand grasping hand, and eye ene untering eye;

The round tear sliding down the burning cheek,
In sweet Elysium tapped the speeceless powers,
Or eyes suffused that eloquently speak,
Shining like summer suns thro' May's soft showers

Then, then it is, that souls of purer fire
Snatch the rare rapture sacred to the few—
The clinging kiss—the chat unknown to tire,
And blest embrace, which dullards never knew.

Oh! let me count not life by days and years,
But smiles of sweet *return*, throu' *Seperation's* tears!

JOHN I. VANDERPOOL,

LATE PARTNER TO JAMES M. SMYLIE,

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and his friends in general that he has taken that convenient stand at No. 101, Greenwich-street, very near Rector-street where he intends to carry on the Ladies Shoe Making, in all its various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. The public may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the business for upwards of ten years in the first shops in this city he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

Likewise, Gentlemen may have Boots, and Shoes made in the most fashionable manner and at the shortest notice.

J. I. Vanderpool intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen which will enable him by strict attention, to give general satisfaction. Ladie's and Gentlemen, by sending their messages shall be personally attended to at their respective abodes, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public

August 18 1122—tf

REEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES,

Of various sizes just received, and for sale Cheap, No. 3, PECK SLIP.

CHAMBER LIGHT AT NIGHT.

the floating Wax Tapers which will burn ten hours and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, will be found exceedingly cheap and convenient. They give a good and sufficient light—may be burnt in a wine glass, Tumbler or any similar vessel—and are perfectly safe, as no sparks will emit from them.

They are recommended to the physician, the sick and others who may require or wish a light during the night.

They are sold at C. Harrisson's Book Store, No. 3, Peck-Slip, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box. 1103

WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner Cisterns made, put in the ground and warranted tight by C. ALFORD,
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

DURABLE INK, FOR WRITING ON LINEN with a pen for sale at No. 3, Peck Slip.

WALKDENS BRITISH INK POWDER,

fresh supply, just received and for sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,

FOR

THE TEETH AND GUMS,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

CARBONIC OR CHARCOAL DENTRIFICE,

CHYMICALLY PREPARED

BY NATHANIEL SMITH,

Wholesale and Retail Perfumer, at the Golden Rose No. 150, Broad-Way, New-York.

Among the various complaints to which the human body is subject, there are perhaps, none more universal than those of the Teeth and Gums, and though there is no immediate danger yet they are often both very troublesome and extremely painful. The teeth being that part of the human frame by which the voice is considerably modulated, without considering what an addition to beauty a fine set of teeth are, that any person sensible of these things, must undoubtedly wish to preserve them.

Nathaniel Smith having made Chymical Perfumery his study for thirty years in London and America, besides his apprenticeship has had an opportunity of gaining great information on this subject and others in his line, the Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, Chymically prepared, Smith would now offer the public, is of a superior quality for whitening the teeth and preserving the gums fastening in those that are loose making them firm and strong preventing rotten and decaying teeth from growing worse, and prevents severe and acute tooth aches; it takes off all that thick corrosive matter and tartary substance that gathers round the base of the tooth which if suffered to remain, occasions a disagreeable smell in the breath eats the enamel from the teeth, and destroys the gums.

Those persons who wish to have the comforts of a good set of teeth, are particularly requested to make use of Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, chymically prepared as it can be warranted not to contain any of those acid and acrimonious substances which only create a temporary whiteness, but in the end destroys the enamel occasions severe pains and rottenness of the teeth; these with many other inconveniencies which arise from bad Tooth Powders are entirely removed by using Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice chymically prepared.

Nathaniel Smith has taken the greatest pains to have the materials of the best quality and made in the most skilful manner for those things when made by unskilful hands greatly injures what it was at first intended to adorn.

N. Smith has this dentrifice particularly made under his own inspection.

☞ *As per box.*

March 10 1099—tf

S. GARDETTE SURGEON DENTIST,

Has the pleasure to acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that he is returned from his Summer Tour, and has resumed the practise of his profession, as heretofore at No. 26 William-street, nearly opposite the Post Office.

The celebrity he has gained, in his method of extracting teeth, is sufficiently known as not to require his saying any thing on that subject: he will only observe, that such Teeth or stumps of Teeth, as are considered by many too difficult for extraction, he gives his positive assurance of being able to remove with a slight degree of pain

He remedies to the loss of Teeth, by replacing artificial ones, from one tooth to a complete set, on a principle that render them, not only useful, but secure and undiscoverable in appearance.

Tartar which is the principal destroyer of Teeth should be removed with the greatest precaution for which reason, S Gardette has provided himself with Instruments, the invention of the celebrated LAFORGUE of PARIS, that are perfectly safe, and answer the desired purpose

His anti scorbutic Elixir and Dentrifice for the teeth and gums, may be had as above.

PLAYING CARDS.

Best American, and English Playing Cards, by the Pack, or dozen,

For sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

NEW-YORK,

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